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the greatest talents that were among the nobility of any country.—However in the rubbish of those times, and the late extraordinary revolution let them lie, and let us all think of this only way to the peace and happiness we pretend to seek, viz. to give God his due out of us, and then we shall have our dues out of one another; and without it, let us not wonder at the nimble turns of the world, nor reflect upon the mischiefs that attend them. They are the natural effect of our breach of duty to God, and will ever follow it. We, like the Jews, are full of jealousy, humour and complaints, and seek for our deliverance in the wrong place. When we grow a better people, we shall know better days, and when we have cast off Satan's yoke, no other can hold longer upon us. Things do not change; causes and effects are ever the same, and they that seek to overrule that eternal order, fight with the wind, and overthrow themselves. But what is this to my subject? I close with a true sense of all thy tenderness to our poor folks, and regards to myself, beseeching God that more than the reward of him that gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, may be thy portion, when this very trifling world will be no more.

I am thy affectionate, true friend,  
WILLIAM PENN.

*Extracts of letters from Alexander Pope, to William Fortescue, esq.*

10th September.

As to the receipt of Sir Stephen Foxes' eye-water, which I have found benefit from: it is very simple and only this—Take a pint of camphorated spirits of wine, and infuse thereinto two scruples of elder flowers. Let them remain in it, and wash your temples and the nape of your neck, but do not put it into your eyes, for it will smart abominably.

When you have taken breath a week or two, and had the full possession of that blessed indolence which you justly value after your long labours and peregrinations, I hope to see you here again; first exercising the paternal care, and exemplary in the tender office of a pater-familia, and then conspicuous in the active scenes of business, eloquent at the bar, and wise in the chamber of council: the future honour of your native Devon, and to fill as great a part in the history of that county for your sagacity and gravity in the laws as Esquire Bickford is likely to do, for his many experiments in natural philosophy.

23d September, 1725.

Blessed is the man who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed, was the ninth beatitude which a man of wit (who, like a man of wit, was a long time in jail) added to the eight. I have long ago preached this to our friend (Gay.) I have preached it, but the world and his other friends have held it forth, and exemplified it \* \* \* I have never since returned Sir R. W.'s. visit, the truth is, I have nothing to ask of him: and I believe he knows that nobody follows him for nothing. Besides, I have been very sick; and sickness (let me tell you) makes me above a minister, who cannot cure a fit of a fever or ague.

September 13.

This whole summer I have past at home, my mother eternally relapsing, yet not quite down; her memory so greatly decayed that I am forced to attend every thing, even the least cares of the family, which you'll guess is to me an inexpressible trouble, added to the melancholy of observing her condition.

18th March, 1732.

As to that poem, (which I do not own), I beg your absolute and im-

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violable silence : you will see more of it in another work, and that too I shall keep private. It is so far from a mortification to do any good thing (if this be so, and indeed I mean it so) and enjoy one's own consciousness of it, that I think it the highest gratification. On the contrary the worst things I do are such as I would constantly own and stand the censure of. It is an honest proceeding and worthy a guiltless man. You may be certain I shall never reply to such a libel as Lady Mary's: 'tis a pleasure and a comfort at once to find that with so much mind, as so much malice must have, to accuse or blacken my character, it can fix upon no one ill, or immoral thing in my life, and must content itself to say my poetry is dull and my person ugly. I wish you would take an opportunity to represent to the person that spoke to you about that lady, that her conduct no way deserves encouragement from him, or any other great persons; and that the good name of a private subject ought to be as sacred, even to the highest, as his behaviour towards them is irreproachable, legal and respectful.

I never had better health than of late, and I hope I shall have long life, because I am much threatened.

8th March, 1732-3.

Having done with all law-matters, the rest of this paper should be filled with all expressions of esteem and friendship, if such expressions would be of any use or grace, after the experience and habit (the two strongest of things) of many years. Believe me you have the essentials, and the ceremonials therefore are laid aside. Such a practise continued, where it is needless, is like keeping up the scaffolding after the building is finished: what helped to raise it at first will but disgrace it at last.

7th June, 1783.

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It is indeed a grief to me, which I cannot express, and which I should hate my own heart if it did not feel, and yet wish no friend I have ever should feel. All our passions are inconsistencies, and our very reason is no better; but we are what we were made to be. Adieu, it will be a comfort to me to see you on Saturday night: believe me truly,

Dear Sir, Your's A POPE.

2d August, 1735.

The town has nothing worth your hearing or care, it is a wretched place to me, for there is not a friend in it. The news is supposed to be very authentic, that the Persians have killed 60,000 Turks. I am sorry that the 60,000 Turks are killed, and should be just as sorry if 60,000 Persians had been killed; almost as sorry as if they had been so many Christians.

26th March, 1736.

May health attend you and quiet, and a good conscience will give you every other joy of life, how many rogues soever you sentence to death. 'Tis a hard task, but a harder to mankind, were they unpunished and left in society. I pity you and wish it may happen as seldom as possible.

17th August, 1739.

All news, if important, spreads of itself—and if unimportant, wastes time and paper: few things can be related as certain truths, and to hunt for pretty things belongs to fops and Frenchmen: party-stories are the business of such as serve their own interest by them, or their own party.

23d August, 1735.

I have not had one quiet day to possess my soul in peace. I shall die of hospitality, which is a fate becoming none but a Patriarch, or a Parliament-man in the coun-

try. Those who think I live in a study, and make poetry my business, are more mistaken, than if they took me for a Prince of Topinambou. I love my particular friends as much as if I knew no others, and I receive almost every body that comes near me as a friend. This is too much: it dissipates me when I should be collected, for though I may be of some (not much) value to a few, yet divided among so many, I must be good for nothing. Life becomes a mere pastime: when shall you and I sit by a fireside, without a brief or a poem in our hands, and yet not idle, not thoughtless, but as serious, and more so, than any business ought to make us, except the great business, that of enjoying a reasonable being, and regarding its end? The sooner this is our case, the better. God deliver you from law, me from rhyme! and give us leisuré to attend what is more important.

*5th October, 1734.*

I came to Twitnam, where I am in my garden, amused and easy—this a scene, where one finds no disappointments—the leaves of this year that are fallen are sure to come on again the next. 'Tis far otherwise in the great world (I mean the little world), of a court, &c.—Get to be a Judge—the sooner the better—and go to rest.

Adieu, believe me truly your's.  
A. POPE.

DEAR SIR, 3d Sept. 1737.

'Tis long that I have not writ to you; but want of materials is a good reason for not writing at any time: and that which I never want, friendship and affection, have not much to say, though they feel much. The knowledge you will not fail from long experience to have of mine for you, though it has had few means to prove itself, and the opinion

which I flatter myself you have of my being no ungrateful man to those who have proved theirs to me, will sufficiently convince you I am always thinking of, and wishing well to you. I hope you are altogether by this time, or will about the time this letter reaches you, which comes to congratulate you on the sabbath of your labour, and to exhort you to concert this Michaelmas some improvements of your wood, &c. at Buckland, *factura nepotibus umbras.* But cut out some walks for yourself, while you yet have legs, and make some plain and smooth under your trees to admit a chaise, or chariot, when you have none.—I find myself already almost in the condition, though not the circumstances of an aged judge, and am forced to be carried in that manner over Lord Bathurst's plantations.

*8th March, 1732-3.*

The town since you went has entered much into the fashion of applauding the *Essay on Man*; and in many places it is set up as a piece far excelling any thing of mine, and commended, I think more in opposition to me, than in their real judgment it deserves.

*Twitnam, 10th May.*

I am glad your family are well-arrived; and your taking care first to tell me so before I inquired, is a proof you know how glad I am of your's and their welfare. I intended to tell you first how kind Sir R. Walpole has been to me; for you must know he did the thing with more dispatch than I could use in acknowledging, or telling the news of it. Pray thank him for obliging you (that is me) so readily, and do it in strong terms; for I was awkward in it, when I just mentioned it to him. He may think me a worse man than I am, though he thinks me a better poet

perhaps; and he may not know I am much more his servant than those who would flatter him in their verses. I have more esteem for him, and will stay till he is out of power, (according to my custom) before I say what I think of him. It puts me in mind of what was said to him once before by a poet. "In power your servant—out of power your friend," which a critic, who knew that poet's mind, said, should be altered thus, "In power your friend—but out of power, *your servant*." Such most poets are, but if Sir R. ever finds me the first low character, let him expect me to become the second. In the mean time I hope he will believe me his, in the same sincere, disinterested manner that I am, Dear Sir, Your's

A. POPE.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

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AFRICAN INSTITUTION.

THE Fifth Report of the Directors of the African Institution, is almost wholly occupied with a detail of the measures of the Directors, for carrying into effect the Act of Parliament against the Slave-trade. "The civilization and improvement of Africa are indeed the great ends which the African Institution proposed to pursue. But what rational expectation can be formed of any material progress in the attainment of those ends, while the Slave-trade continues to flourish? This traffic stands opposed to all improvement. The passions which it excites and nourishes, and the acts of fraud, rapine, and blood, to which alone it owes its success, have a direct tendency to brutalise the human character, and to obstruct every peaceful and beneficial pursuit. Any advance in civilization is hopeless,

where neither property nor person is secure for a moment."

The coast of Africa, it appears, has swarmed, during the last year, with slave-ships; chiefly under Portuguese and Spanish colours, but concealing British and American property. Within that time, about twenty of them have been condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court at Sierra Leone.—In order more effectually to repress the clandestine and fraudulent traffic in slaves, the Directors caused a bill to be brought into Parliament, declaring it a *crime*, and affixing to the crime a suitable *punishment*. The bill was founded upon, and conformable to the following resolutions of the Directors, viz.—"Resolved, That it would be proper to propose to Parliament, to make any direct act of dealing in slaves a clergiable felony, and punishable as such with transportation, not exceeding fourteen years, or imprisonment and hard labour, at the discretion of the judge, for not less than three years, nor exceeding seven years—that this punishment shall be considered to attach upon any owner, part-owner, factor or agent, freighter or shipper, captain, mate, supercargo, or surgeon, knowingly and wilfully employed in fitting out, or navigating for the purpose of the slave trade, any ship or vessel, or craft or boat, whether British or foreign, although no actual dealing in slaves shall have taken place; also to all persons residing in any British fort, settlement, or factory, or within the jurisdiction of the British laws, and to all British subjects wheresoever residing or being, who shall kidnap, carry off, or procure, whether by fraud, violence, or purchase, or who shall forcibly confine any person for the purpose of selling or employing the same as a slave, contrary to the provision of the Acts of Parliament, already